A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, ſubtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearſt,
My prayers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay *Amen* to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarde from bleeding ſlaughter.

I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards*
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is
King. Her life is onely ſafeſt in he
Qu. And onely in that ſafety died
King. Loe at their births good ſta
Qu. No to their liues bad friend
King. All vnauoyded is the doon
Qu. True, when auoyded grace
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer
Ki. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dang
As Intend more good to you and y
Then euer you and yours were by
Qu. What good is couered wit
To be diſcouered that can doe me
King. The aduancement of your
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there
King. No to the dignitie and he
The height imperiall tipe of this ea
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of
King. Euen all I haue, yea and
Will I withall endow a child of thi
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule
Thou drowne the ſad remembran
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue don
Qu. Be briefe, leaſt that the pro
Laſt longer telling then thy kindn
Ki. Then know that from my
Q. My daughters mother think
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my da
So from thy ſoule didſt thou loue
And from my hearts loue, I doe t
Ki. Be not ſo haſtie to confoun
I meane that with my ſoule I loue
And meane to make her Queen

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)